

Historic, Archive Document

Do not assume content reflects current scientific knowledge, policies, or practices.



LIT & CHROMO CO. ROCHESTER, N.Y.

PAINTED FOR VICKS MONTHLY.

GROUP OF ROSES.



JANUARY, 1879.

It is not pleasant, usually, to be told of our faults and failings, and the more numerous and the graver they are the less pleased are we to have them brought to our notice, or made the subject of conversation. Some, who possess a good deal of assurance, when the mirror is presented to them by friends walk boldly up, expecting to see a faultless face, and are quite surprised to discover even a pimple; while others, more modest, face the glass with some misgivings. Notwithstanding the reluctance shown by most persons to learn their own faults or have them known, every one is willing to discover the failings of his friends, and many are not slow in exposing them. There is nothing new in this phase of human nature. It has not been confined to any age, nor is it peculiar to any country, for we recollect reading in a very ancient book of a people, away off in Asia, who could see mere specks in other peoples' eyes, while they had quite big sticks in their own of which they had no knowledge.

At the commencement of a NEW YEAR people make a pretence of looking for their faults, with a view to making corrections, so as to start the year fair; and they sometimes manage to find a few small ones that their friends have not noticed, but never discover those large blots that are disagreeably apparent to everybody but themselves. So they conclude, being so nearly perfect, certainly so much more so than their neighbors, that it is hardly necessary to trouble

themselves about a change, while, of course, anything like reformation is out of the question. The years pass away and the "beams" grow larger, and all others see them, but we never "see ourselves as others see us." Every one knows what sad mistakes Mr. SMITH made in laying out his grounds, and what miserable taste was exercised in its planting, except Mr. and Mrs. SMITH. Near where we reside is a mansion and grounds that have been occupied by the same person for forty years, and one who has some taste and plenty of wealth, and yet the only trees of any account in his lawn are two ungainly Norway Spruces that have been robbed of their branches for six or eight feet from the ground. For twenty-five years hundreds of people have been talking of this most outrageous lack of enterprise and taste. Every one knew just what ought to be done, except the owner, and would have volunteered good advice most cheerfully. The proprietor, however, never suspected that there was, or could be, a better way.

Nearly opposite is another mansion with some acres of lawn pretty well kept, but on this lawn we find some sixty stunted, ill-looking Horse Chestnuts, and scarcely anything else. We have heard sufficient criticisms on this place, and suggestions for its improvement in the past ten years, to make a pretty good book on landscape gardening. Indeed, we once volunteered for the benefit of the neighborhood to head a

gang of woodmen that would not spare a tree. But our disinterested services were declined without even an expression of thankfulness, and the owner yet lives, self-satisfied and happy, and the trees still bud and blossom as well as such starved, stunted objects can.

It is very much the same with nations as with individuals. We laugh at the English because they kick the "H" around in such an unreasonable manner, always getting it on strong in the wrong place. But we see nothing ridiculous in the cant expressions and nonsensical phrases we are accustomed to use, destitute alike of rhyme and reason; and never know how senseless they are until in other lands people look up in surprise at our strange remarks, and wonder what we mean. There is nothing like travel to cure conceit, national or personal.

CHARLES DICKENS made us a visit and caricatured rather broadly some of our faults—faults perhaps mainly incident to a new country, but which needed correction quite sadly,—and we became angry; but on taking a sober second thought we concluded it would be better to mend than scold, and when DICKENS came again among us he was received with open arms and treated like a Prince, as he really was.

Some years ago we made a pretty long stay in England, and on returning wrote some very nice things about the people and their generous hospitality, which we had enjoyed so largely. How elegantly did we picture to the American people the beautiful Rose-covered cottages, as well as the more stately Homes of England, the venerable churches, half hidden in Ivy, the ruined Abbeys, and the delightful country roads and hedges. We did, however, see something in the eyes of our English friends, a mere moat, but still a defect that marred the general beauty, and so—with the best intentions in the world, of course,—we wrote the following, which was published in one of our Journals:

"In the leading seed catalogues we get from England the proprietors announce themselves in bold characters, and on almost every page, as "The Queen's Seedsmen," "Seedsmen to the Prince of Wales." etc. This seems to us to be the most transparent toadying and quite beneath the dignity of intelligent and respectable merchants. The Queen is an excellent woman and we all like her in America, and much better than some Englishmen whom we have heard speak very harshly of Her Majesty, because she cannot conquer her great sorrow and indulge more freely in the splendid follies of royalty. We have no idea, however, that she knows or cares from whom her gardeners purchase their seeds, and we rather think the little perquisites the English seedsmen are in the bad habit of paying gentlemen's gardeners for the orders they send them have a good deal more to do with this matter than the Queen, or the Prince of Wales, or the Duke of Connaught, or any other of the dozen of great persons who are announced as the patrons of these establishments. Gentlemen, this is too weak and childish, and not many people in England are deceived by such nonsense. We are the seedsmen of half a million

of the wisest and best people on this continent, and a good many in Australia, Japan, China, Great Britain and all the rest of the world. That is something worth talking about."

We had forgotten all about the matter, supposing of course that the English people with their usual wisdom had stopped that kind of nonsense just as soon as we had pointed it out, and never dreamed for a moment that our wise counsels would be unheeded or met in any other spirit than that of gratitude. Our surprise may be imagined on receiving, not from London, truly, but from the Capitol of the Dominion of Canada, Ottawa, a sheet of paper at the head of which was our little article quoted above, accompanied by the following criticisms:

"It is very astonishing how the natural vanity of you Americans makes you run a muck against things of which you haven't the slightest comprehension. Why can you not follow your own customs (which are by no means free from vulnerable points,) and leave other people to do the same? Your idea of liberty is exactly like the Mahometan's view of religion,—every one must hold your peculiar views or be considered a toady, weak, childish, etc., or, as in the South, be brought into line by a revolver bullet or bowie-knife. If, instead of penning the above illiberal remark, you had quietly endeavored to understand the custom you sneer at, you might have arrived at the origin of the practice. In Great Britain our nobility and men of wealth (unlike your rich men, who think it grand to have *silver* stair-roads and other showy articles we think supremely absurd,) spend their incomes in maintaining (by the purchase of their works,) artists of every kind, from the cook or gardener to the sculptor and painter. England is as proud of men like SIR JOSEPH PAXTON and SIR WM. HOOKER as of SIR EDWIN LANDSEER or LORD MACAULEY; and if a tradesman secures the custom of the Queen, or of the Duke of Devonshire, or of the Earl of Dudley, or any other well known patron of Horticulture, Agriculture, Painting, etc., it is a proof that the articles he sells are first-class, and is the best advertisement he can have for those whose custom he seeks. Men who respect themselves usually respect others, and I hope it will be many a long day before England or her Colonies acquire the manners or customs of Americans."

Had we not at once remembered that reformers are never honored with laurels until death removes them from the scenes of their toils and trials, and that the only crown he who strives to benefit others may expect is a crown of thorns, the effect of this communication might have been serious.

In extenuation of our little criticisms, if not in justification, we will say that there was a time, no doubt, in the earlier history of England, when the aristocracy monopolized pretty much all the intelligence of the country, and the people were mere "hewers of wood and drawers of water." Their opinions were then somewhat of a guide to the common people, and the fact that a Lord or a Knight had his pantaloons made by a certain tailor, was pretty good evidence that the man was a good workman, and making the fact public was a pretty sure way to secure more custom, and from a class that could

afford to pay well.* In those times few could read, and the number that possessed literary or artistic taste was still less, and therefore unless the author and artist secured the "*patronage*" of men of honored names, success was almost impossible. To obtain this, and not always by manly means, was the great object of painter and poet, and often of preacher. But times have changed. Intelligence is widely disseminated, and the wisest are not always those who bear the greatest titles. We purchase seeds and plants of our English friends, but never once thought to inquire when obtaining new Dahlias of KEYNE or TURNER whether they were patronized by Kings or Princes, for we were well aware that they knew more about the character of a good Dahlia than all the crowned heads of Europe; nor did we ask that great grower of Roses, PAUL, when we took him by the hand in Kensington Gardens, whether he was *patronized* by royalty. We knew him to be a King among the Roses and his favorite flower the Queen of flowers, and that was enough.

We do not like the idea of *patronage*. If the florist furnishes the full value for the money he obtains we do not know on which side is the patronage. We respect the good and great, whose honors have been fairly earned, but have no sympathy with those who fawn to gain a smile from titled clowns. It is this that disgusts so many right-thinking English people, and that caused THACKERY to exclaim, "O free and happy Britons, what a miserable, truckling, cringing race you are!"

Our Ottawa friend did not know that we had spent more than a quarter of a pretty long life under the British flag, and therefore should have known something of what we wrote, while many of our very best and most honored friends now tread British soil. The more America and England know of each other the more insignificant will the faults of each appear and the more noble the virtues, and the closer will be the attachment between these two great countries. We would say of England to all America, as LORD DUFFERIN said of America to all Canada in his farewell address: "I would exhort you to cultivate the most friendly and cordial relations with the great American people. A nobler nation, a people more generous or hospitable does not exist. To have learned to understand and appreciate them I esteem as not the least of the many advantages I have gained by coming to Canada. Of my own knowledge I can say that they are animated by the kindest feelings toward the Dominion, and I cannot doubt but that the two countries are destined to be united in the bands of an unbroken friendship."

THE ROSE.

"Old HOMER praised its form of grace,
CATULLUS boasted of its charms,
HORACE its richly tinted face;
In fair Italia's glowing words
TASSO and METASTASIO sang;
And 'mong the groves of far Cathay
The Persian HAFIZ' accents rang."

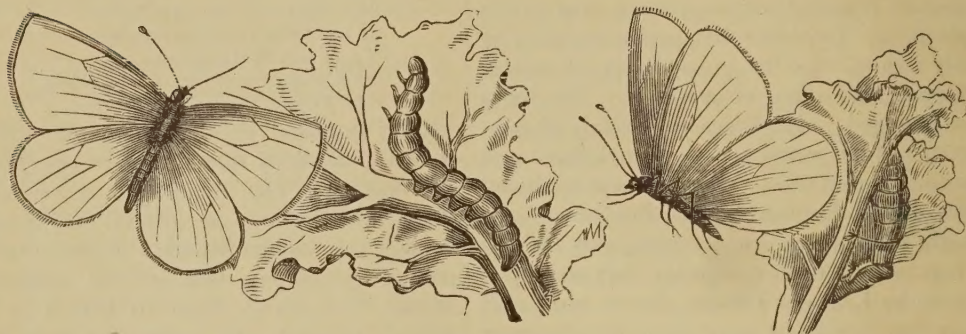
Two thousand years have passed, and still the Rose holds its throne and reigns Queen of the flowers. The associations it awakens in the hearts of every one make it dear to us all. Among the ancient Romans Roses were used with a profuseness that is now unheard of. When CLEOPATRA went to Cilicia to meet MARK ANTONY, she caused the floor of the hall to be covered with Roses to the depth of eighteen inches. At a *fete* given by NERO the expense incurred for Roses alone was four million sesterces, or about \$100,000. Roses were used in wreaths and chaplets to adorn the brows of poets and orators. The Greeks and Romans used them as garlands to ornament the statues of Venus, of Hebe, and of Flora. At their marriage ceremonies they played an important part, and were often strewn in the aisles of the churches. Tombs, also, were covered with them; and many of the wealthy Greeks and Romans left large legacies for the especial purpose of ornamenting their burial places with Roses,—both with plants and the cut flowers.

Some of our matter-of-fact readers may be disposed to doubt the correctness of these figures, which we have selected from the highest authorities, and we must admit that the ancients were slightly given to exaggeration, a failing which has descended—with slight modification, perhaps,—to the present time. Still, in old times well-to-do people, like Mrs. CLEOPATRA, spent large sums of money in the purchase of Roses, to beautify their houses and honor their friends.

In the times of Chivalry, in England the Rose was the insignia of rival chiefs. The Duke of York, in 1452, adopted the white Rose, while the Duke of Lancaster had a red Rose emblazoned on his shield; and the Rose striped with red and white is even now called York and Lancaster. So through all the ages, down to the present time, the Rose has been held in the highest esteem. Many intelligent men are making it their life-work to produce new and improved varieties, and the names of PAUL, LA CHARME, GUILLOT, MARGOTTIN and a host of others, will go down to posterity, and ever be held in grateful remembrance.

The Roses shown in our colored plate are *Marechal Niel*, yellow; *General Jacqueminot*, red; *Pierre de St. Cyr*, pink; and *Mad. Alf. de Rougemont*, blush white.

ODE TO THE BUTTERFLY.



Frisking, flirting, airy sprite,
 Little Satan robed in white,
 Favorite of Beelzebub,
 Breeder of his choicest grub,
 With befitting courtesies
 I take off my hat to thee.

Truly man is weak and frail,—
 All his toil of small avail
 When against his heart's design
 Insects such as thee combine ;—
 In profound humility
 I take off my hat to thee.

Many a flight of eloquence,
 Soaring out of sight and sense,
 Rising up to heavenly things,
 Has been taken with thy wings.
 Source of many a simile,
 I take off my hat to thee.

Lectures upon cruelty
 Often take their cue from thee
 When thou'rt treated as a toy
 By a biped of a boy ;—
 Text for many a homily,
 I take off my hat to thee.

But such lectures I despise,
 And the lecturers likewise ;
 Surely, they are ignorant
 Of thy life's malign intent.
 From such maudlin pity free,
 I take off my hat to thee.

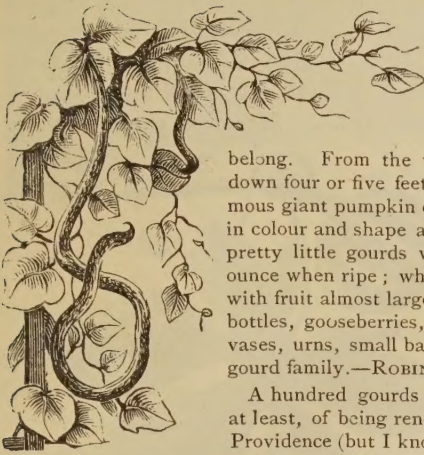
Blighter of the gardener's hopes,
 Fell destroyer of his crops,
 Thy existence shall be brief,
 Though I smash a cabbage leaf.
 Having put thee out of pain,
 I will don my hat again.

Ryckman's, Ontario, Canada.

WEMMINK



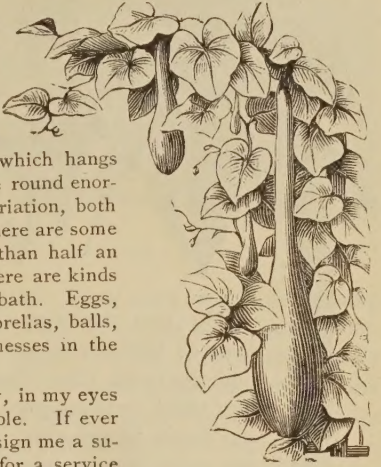
ORNAMENTAL GOURDS.



There is no natural order more wonderful in the variety and singular shapes of its fruit than that to which the melon, cucumber, and vegetable marrow

belong. From the writhing Snake-cucumber, which hangs down four or five feet long from its stem, to the round enormous giant pumpkin or gourd, the grotesque variation, both in colour and shape and size, is marvelous. There are some pretty little gourds which do not weigh more than half an ounce when ripe; while, on the other hand, there are kinds with fruit almost large enough to make a sponge bath. Eggs, bottles, gooseberries, clubs, caskets, folded umbrellas, balls, vases, urns, small balloons—all have their likenesses in the gourd family.—ROBINSON.

A hundred gourds in my garden were worthy, in my eyes at least, of being rendered indestructible in marble. If ever Providence (but I know it never will) should assign me a superfluity of gold, part of it shall be expended for a service



of plate, or most delicate porcelain, to be wrought into the shape of gourds gathered from vines which I will plant with my own hands. As dishes for containing vegetables they would be peculiarly appropriate. Gazing at them, I felt that by my agency something worth living for had been done. A new substance was born into the world. They were real and tangible existences, which the mind could seize hold of and rejoice in.—HAWTHORN.

With so much text there is little left for a sermon, and perhaps it would seem something like an effort to paint the rainbow should we attempt to add anything in praise of this curious family to what has been so well said by the English horticulturist and the American author. We will, therefore, give only a few suggestions as to culture, and describe a few of the varieties that bear the most singularly formed fruit. That much attention has been given to the Gourd family during the past year or two we have the

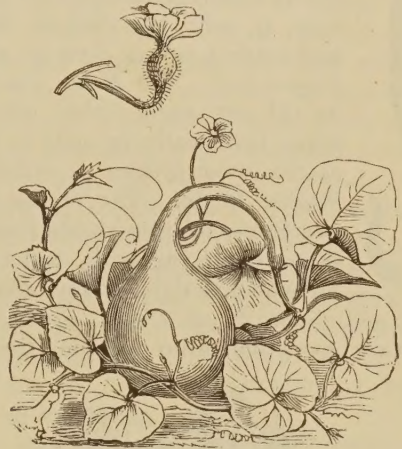
correspondent in Japan forwarded us, a year since, about a dozen varieties from that country, which we grew during the summer; we found nothing new, however, though the collection contained most of our old and best sorts.

The culture of the Gourd is very simple;—just about the treatment we give our Melons and Cucumbers is all that is required. Some kinds,



BOTTLE GOURD.

best of evidence, and good friends have kept our table well supplied with specimens all the autumn. The little *Bryonopsis* we judge to be a special favorite, as one day specimens from six different persons reached us by mail. A

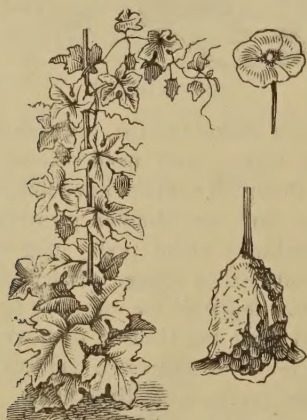


SIPHON GOURD.

like the large *Bottle Gourds*, are strong growers with large leaves, and need almost as much room as a Pumpkin; others have fine, delicately cut foliage, and are slender growers, though most of the kinds make pretty long shoots and cover a good deal of space. The Melons, etc., that we grow for fruit we allow to spread over the ground; but the Gourds that we cultivate for beauty must be trained to trellises or buildings, or they produce but little effect. Indeed, in the rapidity with which they cover and ornament any unsightly object consists their principal merit, and for furnishing a pleasant shade for a summer-house or any garden retreat, others beside JONAH have appreciated their value.



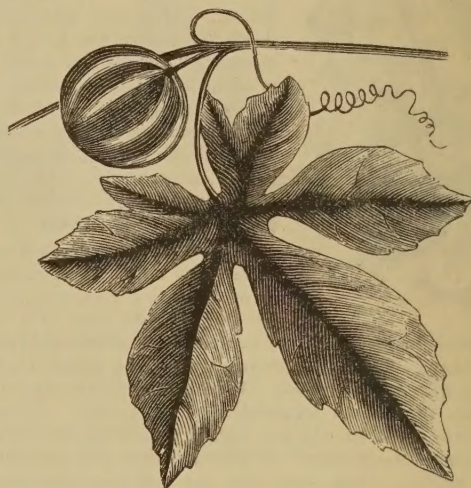
The two varieties shown at the head of this article are the *Serpent* and *Hercules' Club Gourd*, the former often twisting into all the curious forms imaginable, and yet they are sometimes as straight as an arrow. The engraving of the variety on this page shows the form in which it very often grows when suspended. The flowers are white, fringed, and rather pretty. The *Hercules' Club* is the largest Gourd we are acquainted with, and one now before us received some time since from Mr. OSCAR LENZNER, of Cass City, Michigan, is quite four feet in length and nearly a foot in diameter at the largest part. The *Bottle Gourd* is an old sort, and a variety with the upper part nearly or quite as large as the lower division is called the *Double Bottle*. The *Siphon* is of two forms, the true siphon form, as shown in the engraving, and a variety with a straight handle, and this is the old *Calabash*, or *Dipper Gourd*, from which we have drunk many a cooling draught.



MOMORDICA BALSAMINA.

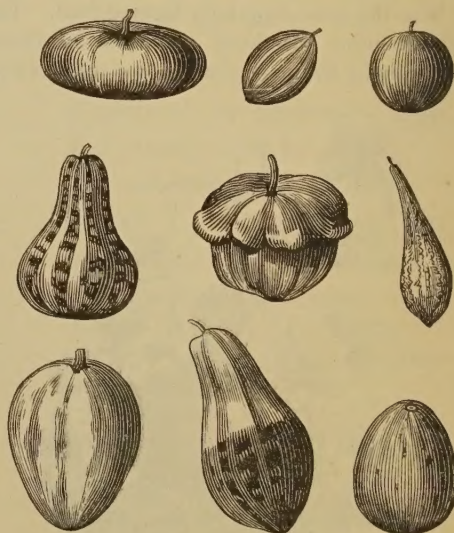
While the large kinds are somewhat coarse, the smaller sorts are not in the least objectionable in this respect. The little *Bryonopsis*

laciniosa, to which we have before alluded, has quite elegant, finely-cut foliage, with fruit no larger than a Gooseberry. The fruit is green striped with white before maturity, and when ripe of a bright scarlet, while the fine narrow stripes gain in distinctness as the color gains in intensity. Among the most curious of the



BRYONOPSIS LACINIOSA.

small Gourds is the *Momordica Balsamina*, commonly called *Balsam Apple*. The leaves are very neat and the flowers white, not fringed like those of the *Serpent Gourd*, while the fruit is singularly handsome. The flesh or outside covering of the fruit is of a soft texture, of an orange color, and when ripe the flesh divides in sections opening at the bottom, as shown in the



GOURD FORMS.

engraving, exposing a mass of maroon colored seeds. This variety seems to be grown all over the world, for we have received it as something new from Egypt, Palestine, China and Japan. The last engraving shows a number of the most common forms of gourds.



FLOWER GOSSIP.

MR. VICK:—I have read the November number of your delightful MONTHLY through at one sitting, and, of course, with great pleasure, having obtained from it several new ideas. The item respecting Maurandyas suggests that mine may be put in print as I wish they could be in picture. They are great favorites with me. I grow them from seed one summer, keep the little plants for ornament in the windows through the winter, and the next summer use them to drape large urns, where they are elegant, and also to cover lattices. One charm about them is that while the leaves are turning russet and falling and nearly all summer vegetation is failing, they are in tenderest June green. I have two trained on the outside of a large bow window, to appear like the drapery of a parlor curtain. They grow in a wide border of Cannas and Caladiums, Abutilons and Oleanders, which give our great square house a setting on one side; from which also spring Madeira, the five-leaved, rapid-trailing white Clematis that drapes pictures so beautifully and never gets rusty, the Akebia quinata, and Cobæa—all of which are, the very last of October, in their very liveliest green and delightfully refreshing, making us forget that the summer is gone and snow may blanch them any day. Maurandyas are pretty enough without any flowers, but when all their straying, looping, falling, tossing, twisting sprays are strung with large, cup-like, blue blossoms, they realize the very perfection of vine-like grace and beauty.

Now I have begun, I think I must tell you how I have managed to piece out the blossoming season, which is aggravatingly short in our climate. I never can have quite flowers enough to satisfy my love for seeing them and giving them away; so, very late last fall, when putting the borders in order for the winter, I had made a little frame the size of one common window sash. The earth was dug out about eighteen inches, fresh stable manure thrown in about six inches to give slight bottom heat while the plants were starting in a new place, and over that

good rich earth. Here were set old and young Pansy plants, Violets, young white Candytufts, Daisies and Gilias. They all flourished finely and some blossoms were gathered through the winter; but in March they began to blossom freely, and in April some large urns in the yard were stocked with the Pansies and Candytufts, with Gilias for green. They all grew and blossomed beautifully, and were only gradually supplanted by the summer plants. By this means we have had already a flowering season of six and a half months, and the urns are still bright and fresh.

But "I feel to murmur" about one thing. I cannot make Dahlias blossom, and am bound to dig up and throw away in despair all my tubers. Shall I do it, or can you tell me any certain way of managing them that will make them give me fair returns for the pains I take with them? I am fond of them, partly because I really need them in the bouquets I am called upon to make, and again I do not like to fail in anything I undertake in good earnest. I have tried them in all sorts of ways and places, given them sun and shade, water and withheld it; rich soil and poor soil; started them early in a hot-bed, and set them out without starting; but invariably they either fail to produce buds, or if they do, so few come to anything that it is quite disheartening.

Do they need a great deal of water,—say a pailful a day to one large plant in a dry time? Does the hot sun burn out the buds? Will they do better partly shaded by a tree, or close under the eaves of a house? My soil is a clay loam, though not heavy; some of it is fine black or dark valley loam, but none of it is sandy. Will your good MONTHLY please enlighten me and oblige?—ED. LAWS OF LIFE, *Dansville, N. Y.*

We do not know just what is the difficulty with those Dahlias, but we presume our good friend has an old stock that has been grown for many years and that have acquired a habit of making large tubers and coarse branches, and but few flowers. Occasionally we see such a disposition in some of our plants, and we serve them as the Master did the barren fig tree that produced "nothing but leaves." Get a new set of small tubers.

A CHAPTER ON CABBAGES.

The growing of Cabbages for market has long been an important branch of market-gardening in the vicinity of New York, and perhaps there is no vegetable of so much importance to market-gardeners everywhere, and, excepting the potato, none so universally grown in private gardens as this. The writer of this well remembers when comparatively little was done in market-gardening in the vicinity of New York, and from a very small beginning, has seen this business assume gigantic proportions. About thirty years ago all the garden produce brought to Washington Market was sold on the Vesey Street side thereof and in the immediate vicinity. Since then *West* Washington Market has been added, but the accommodations there availed only for a short time. Rapidly the business has increased from a few growers at the upper end of the city, and across the Hudson where Jersey City now stands, until the accommodations of the market proper are a mere nothing, and almost any day, or rather night, in summer, between one and six A. M., may be seen hundreds upon hundreds of market wagons, with their vegetables, drawn up in line on either side of the main avenue from Courtlandt Street to Canal Street, and upon every cross street from the river to Broadway.

Early in June the first Cabbages come in, and soon hundreds of thousands of heads are brought every day; and from this time on until long into the winter this vegetable takes the lead of all others. Large wagons with immense loads neatly arranged commence to arrive early in the evening, about the time the down-town wholesale mercantile business is over for the day, and continue to arrive until midnight, soon after which grocers, retail market-men, and peddlers drive in for their supplies, and when day fairly dawns business is lively; but by seven A. M. the streets are given up to the general business—not a market-wagon can be seen, and one would hardly realize that but a few hours before miles of thoroughfare had been a vast wholesale market. Besides what are sold to retailers in New York and the neighboring cities, Brooklyn and Jersey City, great numbers are placed in the hands of wholesale dealers, who ship them to the interior cities and manufacturing villages. Especially is this the case with the earlier varieties, and the wonder is that the farmers and owners of small parcels of land near these smaller, yet important markets, do not pay more attention to market-gardening, and especially to Cabbage culture, because the latter crop is easy to grow, and when the product is not in active demand for the market it can be shipped

to other places, and moreover it has a considerable value as food for stock, and in the event of a glut in the market can be used in that way to great advantage.

Presuming that some of your readers may see in this branch an opportunity to increase their revenue, I will say that to give minute instructions for Cabbage culture would occupy too much of your valuable space, and as the several works of the present day on gardening give the *modus operandi* in detail, and also complete instructions for growing all vegetable crops, I will only give a few general hints, and then more fully describe the varieties in favor with market-gardeners—especially those on Long Island, the great natural garden of New York.

1st. Get good seed—such as will not only germinate, but having produced plants, every plant, or nearly every one, will produce a *perfect* head. Remember that poor seed is dear as a gift, and be sure to get *the best*, regardless of cost. 2nd. The soil should be a deep retentive loam, neither very light nor extremely heavy, which must be thoroughly worked and made rich by liberal applications of fertilizing



"TRUE" JERSEY EARLY WAKEFIELD.

materials. German Potash Salts (12 to 15 per cent. actual potash,) has proved to be most excellent for Cabbage, especially on old land, applied at the rate of one-half a ton to the acre and *plowed in*. It is not expensive, and I mention it here because it is not generally recommended in works on gardening, but is now extensively used on Long Island in connection with the usual fertilizers. The varieties of Cabbage are numerous though there are but few in general favor, and some of the old standard sorts are fast being superseded by new ones, or rather, by those which have until recently been confined to certain localities.

"TRUE" JERSEY EARLY WAKEFIELD.

This variety was first grown in this country nearly forty years ago by FRANCIS BRILL, then a market gardener at Jersey City, N. J. It was

from England originally. Seed having been grown for several years from the same stock by the fine market gardeners who rented the VAN VORST property, and by reason of having been grown in too close proximity to other sorts it became somewhat mixed. For the purpose of renewing the stock a fresh supply of seed was ordered from England; but this proved to be wrong, and notwithstanding repeated efforts and always receiving seed labelled "Early Wakefield," they were never able to procure the genuine article again. These gardeners and others to whom they furnished seed, finding they could not *renew* the stock, set about to *renovate* it, and by persistent effort it has been brought back nearly to the original type, but to this day it sometimes loses its *conical* shape and produces a proportion of *round* heads.

Although this variety has been grown in this country by a great many market-gardeners, and has with them always been, and is still, the great favorite, yet it is only a few years since it was generally disseminated, and it is now sold under the name of "*Jersey Early Wakefield*." There is much seed sold under the name of "Early Wakefield" which is spurious and absolutely worthless, not only imported, but some grown in this country by men claiming to be seed-growers who do not know one variety of early Cabbage from another. The "True" Jersey Early Wakefield is quite dwarf, having a very short stalk and but few superfluous leaves, but producing fine large heads, the true form of which is conical, but tapering very gradually and hence they stand out very prominent and showy. It is positively the earliest variety known which produces what may be termed a *head* of any respectable size. The plants may be grown in a hot-bed in the spring, or kept over winter in cold frames; it is also becoming very popular for out-door fall planting at the South, and in fact is gaining popularity wherever known. Many have had the spurious Wakefield, and hence have condemned it, not knowing the merits of the true variety.

"NEWARK" EARLY FLAT DUTCH.

This variety originated several years ago with the late JOHN BRILL, then a market-gardener of Newark, N. J., and is the result of an intentional cross of the "Early Ox Heart" and "Large Flat Dutch," with a view to getting a variety combining size and sure heading qualities to follow the Wakefield in season. It has long been a favorite *second early* sort with the market-gardeners of New Jersey and Long Island, and is becoming very popular wherever introduced. It does not answer for wintering over in cold-frames unless the plants are kept

very small, as otherwise they are liable to run to seed when transplanted in the spring; but when sown in a hot-bed or open ground in the spring it is a sure header. The heads are large, solid, broad and roundish or nearly flat, sometimes slightly conical. Besides being excellent for market in summer, it is admirably adapted



"NEWARK" EARLY FLAT DUTCH.

as a winter sort for private gardens. It is very tender, fine grained, and of excellent flavor.

"HENDERSON'S" EARLY SUMMER,

Somewhat recently introduced to the public, having been grown for many years by one of the leading Long Island market-gardeners. It closely follows the Wakefield in season and is already a favorite second early variety. In many respects it closely resembles the "Newark" Early Flat Dutch, the general characteristics being the same, but rather more uniformly



HENDERSON'S EARLY SUMMER.

flat. It is also well suited for fall and winter use, excellent in quality, and will stand long after being marketable without bursting.

"EXCELSIOR" LARGE FLAT DUTCH.

This variety has been for many years in the hands of a few market-gardeners, but lately has been pretty generally disseminated. It is a distinct strain of the Large Flat Dutch, and the prefix "Excelsior" has been given it to distinguish it from other grades in that line. The

heads are large, flat and solid, with a comparatively few outer leaves, thus adapting it for closer planting than any other large growing variety. It is adapted for keeping plants, over



"EXCELSIOR" LARGE FLAT DUTCH.

winter in cold-frames, coming in soon after the "Newark" Early Flat Dutch, and can be grown as a summer, fall or winter variety. It is a great favorite with all who have grown it, especially so with southern gardeners, as it does not seem to be affected by heat as much as other large sorts. The foliage is a bright, clear, glossy green, and it has been designated in the past as the "light colored" Flat Dutch. This is a very sure header, and has a combination of good qualities not possessed by any other large growing variety.

FOTTLER'S IMPROVED BRUNSWICK.

This is a comparatively new variety, although by having been early brought to the attention of



FOTTLER'S IMPROVED BRUNSWICK.

seedsmen, rather than having been kept in the hands of market-gardeners, it has been more generally disseminated than some of those

named above, and is quite popular. It is in many respects very similar to the "Excelsior" Large Flat Dutch, being the same in color, form and season, but does not run quite so uniformly *large*, and has rather more superfluous leaves. It is worthy of a trial, especially as a summer or early fall variety.

"PERFECTION" DRUMHEAD SAVOY.

There is no Cabbage equal to the Savoy in flavor, and from being popular in the private garden they are gaining popularity in the market. There are many sub-varieties, among which the "Drumhead Savoy" has long been a favorite, and has of late years been so materially improved as to be entitled to the prefix of "Perfection." The heads are large, solid, and very finely curled. It has a short stalk, is a compact grower, and will keep better than any other variety. Long Island market-gardeners now grow them quite extensively.

There are other varieties having some reputation among us, but I have given six of the



"PERFECTION" DRUMHEAD SAVOY.

favorites, and any one growing these can have Cabbages for market or family use nearly the year round.—SUFFOLK.

GROWING LILIES IN CALIFORNIA.

MR. VICK :—I notice a letter from A. C. W., of San Gabriel, in the November number of your bright horticultural MONTHLY. The writer inquires about the treatment of Lilies, with which I have had considerable experience, although probably under more favorable conditions. It seems strange to write to you in Rochester, in order to inform A. C. W., of our own State, concerning the secrets of Lilies.

I made a new bed of Lilies last year, of which I shall tell somewhat. I planted *L. speciosum album*, *L. speciosum rubrum*, *L. speciosum roseum*, *L. Washingtonianum* and *L. Humboldtii*. They were planted in a light loam manured with completely rotted manure, and covered with half an inch of pure sand. The bulbs

were planted at depths varying from three to six inches, and those planted deepest did best. They were planted in the month of January, and, since it was a very wet winter, a little trench was made around the bed so as to drain it, for in our climate I think too much water is bad for the Japanese Lilies. Every bulb grew, and I had over one hundred thrifty, ambitious clusters of leaves. As summer advanced the bed was well mulched with long grass, which was just then handiest; first, however, another inch or two of soil was put on the bed, the object of which was to induce a growth of secondary roots on the stalk above the bulb. This adds to the strength of each plant, and helps to anchor it more firmly. It is best to stake Lilies long before they seem to need it, for if the wind loosens them they will probably turn yellow, and perish.

The bed was completely soaked with water about once a month, but not oftener, and no other care was taken of it. Nearly every bulb bloomed magnificently. *L. rubrum* had many stalks six feet high, bearing over forty flowers each, and one of the *Auratum*s held over thirty flowers in a dense mass. The only undoubted failure was with *L. Washingtonianum*, which does not succeed, as far as I can learn, anywhere away from its own cool heights and shadowy pines. Except in locations with a northern slope, or near the coast, our summer heat is too great for Lilies unless they are protected; too great noon-day heat will turn the leaves yellow, and cause the flowers to drop off before they unfold. A light awning, admitting free circulation, may be used,—or evergreen branches can be thrust into the beds so as to make a slight shade at all times.

This fall I find that the bulbs are all healthy and much larger, having formed clusters which in many cases reach to the top of the ground. Most of them I shall leave undisturbed, only digging underneath and sinking the bulb where it is necessary, and next year I shall water and mulch as before.—C. H. S., *Niles, Cal.*

THE COWSLIP.

I notice in the May number of the MAGAZINE a cut of a flower that was sent to you for a proper name. It grows plentifully here in our meadows, and we call it Shooting Star or Prairie Captain. You call it American Cowslip. Are you not mistaken? Does not the American Cowslip bear a bright yellow flower, and has it not a leaf nearly the shape of a *Pelargonium* leaf, of a bright glossy green? I am now fifty years old and have been acquainted with the Cowslip from early childhood. The love of flowers was instilled into my heart by my par-

ents at an early age. When a little girl of ten years I, with some young companions, went to the woods to gather wild flowers, and brought home some Johnny-jump-ups and planted them close to the stone foundation of our house. There they grew, year after year, until I left home. Eight years ago I visited the home of my childhood and my Violets were still clinging to the foundation of the old house. I send you a small and imperfect sketch of the flower I spoke of, and if you wish will send you a pressed flower as soon as I can.—MRS. E. W., *Center Point, Iowa.*

The true American Cowslip, or such as is known generally among florists, both here and in Europe, as the American Cowslip is *Dodecatheon Meadea*, as we stated. A plant growing in moist places is also pretty generally known as the Cowslip, belonging to the *Ranunculus* family. It bears a yellow flower and the young plants are eaten for "greens." Its true name is *Caltha palustris*.

THE CALIFORNIA LILIES.

MR. JAMES VICK:—The October number of your valuable MAGAZINE is at hand. It is a grand thing, and a grand success. I have been interested in nearly everything appearing in its pages, but especially so with your numerous articles on the Lilies. My attention has been called particularly to the statement of H. N. BOLANDER that we have but four species on this coast. Well, he is authority, and I presume we may as well be satisfied, still we cannot help thinking that even he may be mistaken, and that in our mountains may be found something new to him.

Well, I have *Pardalinum*, *Washingtonianum* and two others, gathered from the mountains of Lake County, and they are distinct from the others—enough so, it is thought, to be different species. And still I have neither *Humboldtii* nor *Parvum*. Now, that you may know this to be so, I propose to send them to you as soon as I can collect them.

I have growing and flowering a fine small scarlet Lily with peculiar marks. It is found high up on the rocky and barren mountains, and among chimese brush. It is bell-shaped and grows from one foot to eighteen inches in height. Then I have another that is found on the poorest soils of the barren mountains. It is a dwarf, only from four to six inches high, with thick, short and stubby stalk, flowers close together, and faintly marked with yellow. There are two other kinds that I have that are very different in habits also.

This is a wonderful land, and I am sometimes astonished at the range and variety of our native flowers. *Washingtonianum* is found on our highest mountains, growing among rocks and brush and throwing up a stalk from four to six

feet, the bulb being down among the loose leaves, mould and rocks about sixteen or eighteen inches in depth. I had forgotten to say that the most peculiar thing about the two Lilies I described as being new to me is their time of flowering, which is in March and April. I will try to send you the bloom as early next spring as I can gather it. The hot summer sun is our greatest trouble here with Lilies, and we protect them with shade. We had *Pardalium* seven feet high, and *Washingtonium* four feet high. They were magnificent, and *Washingtonium* delightfully fragrant.—M. M., *Lower Lake, Cal.*

ALL NEED THE FLOWERS.

Who needs flowers most, the old or the young? has long been a mooted question in my mind. Flowers are the symbols of all that are pure and true in this life, and they teach us to hope for Life to come. They are the brightest thoughts ever vouchsafed man on which to dwell. Fancy yourself on the lone sea-girt island; even there they will beam forth and speak of the wondrous love and forethought of Him who inhabits the farthest islands of the deep, and forgets not even there to place these bright messengers of affection which open as a book to our perception, and therein we read "I am thy God."

The aged need them as they turn the mile-posts of youth and gently walk on the down-hill road of life. To them they are the reminders of the happy past, which they can now enjoy once again as they sit in the low rocker and admire o'er and o'er the old-fashioned *Hollyhock* which bloomed beside the spring, or the white *Rose* which perfumed the spare room—then opened only on rare occasions—and which has crowned the head of every bride that has crossed the threshold for a half century. They are the blessed reminders of many a pleasing episode; therefore keep and cherish them, and when the aged form has lain down for that sleep which comes sooner or later to us all, crown the whitened locks with the flowers which from childhood she loved and tended,—make all bloom with joyous memories, for to-day she enters the paved streets of the New Jerusalem, bearing palms of a blessed and well-spent life.

Every day the youth need them, for they teach them the road to purity and honor. To one they speak of the long-lost mother, who uttered "forget-me-not" as the pale lips closed forever; to another of a sister who can only know of your welfare as she peeps through the deep blue when the stars shine forth;—and to us all they are sermons which come not from the voice of man, but from the heart of the lovely blossom as it silently murmurs, "I am

the resurrection and the life," "Believe in me and I will give you rest." Is it rest to care for flowers? Try it, you who know not, and become convinced. We forget illness, pain, care and trouble, and become so interested in the nature and beauty of the exquisite grace and symmetry which surrounds us as to forget self and live in what we, for the moment, behold. The youth need them to make them better, to purify and elevate their morals, to remind them of the Heaven of which they hope to become a part; and the aged need them to remind them of the youth and joy of the past, and the ineffable pleasure which is to come.

We *all* need them, the rich and poor, high and low; for they come to each from the same bountiful One. How the poor woman treasures her blossoms! and next to her children they are housed and protected from the cold. The rich find in them another avenue of pleasure with which to surround themselves. They give employment to the poor and educate the masses. Let us give them a place in our Churches, in our Courts of Justice, in our Schools, in our factories and machine shops, beside the sick bed in the poor man's cot, on tables of exquisite workmanship in the dainty *boudoir*, on the desk of the business man, in the hotel, Restaurant—yes, even in the saloon let their perfume rise, and perchance they will lead our wanderer to think of home and the spot where his mother cultivated them. Wear them in your hearts, and they will root out the evils of envy and jealousy, and Love must reign. Let their brightness be likened to the joy which you will shed in other hearts and lives: for this world can be filled with the sunshine of love and good deeds if we only will it so. Let *every one* strive to make it a world among roses.—FERN LEAF, *Ottawa, Ill.*

ROSES.

I have for several years cultivated a few choice Roses. Last spring I added twenty to the number, and nearly all of them I set out in three and four inch pots. In June I plunged these into the soil of my flower garden; two of my older Roses and three of my new ones, however, were planted directly in the soil. All these Roses were of the ever-blooming sort. One of the three new Roses that were set in the ground, and only one, grew more luxuriantly and bloomed more abundantly than those in the pots; it was that charming Rose, *Bon Silene*. It gave me six Roses in mid-summer, and then a new shoot sprang up from the roots, grew very rapidly and put forth three buds, and a branch put forth two more; so in the autumn I had five Roses—eleven in all on that tiny bush.

After potting and removing to the house in October, I let it rest a few weeks and then cut off nearly all of its leaves,—from the shoot referred to I removed every one. Now, two weeks later, there are vigorous shoots more than an inch long, with three buds already peeping forth, where I cut off the leaves.

Several years ago I was forced to strip my bushes of their leaves, not knowing then how otherwise to get rid of the Aphis, (though I have since proved the virtues of hellebore.) Soon after thus despoiling the plant it would repay my harshness by putting forth new shoots at the leaf-joints, crowned with buds. Some people will be so careful of their barren Rose plants that not a leaf must be cut off, not a branch pruned; so they have naught but the unsightly bush to care for, whereas, if they would cut down the old wood they might be rewarded by a new growth. But a good rich soil is quite as essential as pruning,—also moisture and sunshine. I have seen people who became discouraged because their new Rose plants dropped their leaves. No matter how green the stalk, "My Rose bush is dead," they exclaim, and by neglect they soon kill it. If I had done so several of my choice plants, that have yielded lovely Roses two months after setting out, would have been a failure. So long as there is life in the stalk there is hope that it will put forth and bud.

"You do have excellent luck with Roses," is often said to me. Yes, I rarely lose one, and it is because I care for them daily. Tea Roses, in their first year's growth, can not be long neglected and thrive. What a joy they have been to me the past season, coming one after another with their varied tints and delicious fragrance so rapidly that from the time when the out-door June Roses bloomed until the frosts of October came there were few days when I did not have this Queen of Flowers to grace my vase. *Mad. Plantier* gave me more than two hundred pure white and fragrant blooms in June; *Devoniensis*, creamy white with rosy center, was in bloom from June till Jack Frost nipped four of her buds; *Aline Sisley* yielded her first-born almost equal in size to the parent bush,—color a rare shade of violet-red, brightened with crimson maroon; *Aurora* blushed with rosy pink; *Queen of the Bourbons* was brilliant with carmine edged with white; *Bougere*, deep rosy bronze; *Mad. Céline Berthod*, a deep clear yellow; *Mad. Rivoy*, rich crimson scarlet; *Letty Coles*, splendid, and others we will not stop to name. We have derived so much pleasure from our collection of Roses that we do want everybody to have them. The pot grown plants can be obtained so cheap, and come in such a

fresh state to our homes, it is strange that flower lovers do not cultivate them more largely.—
MRS. M. D. W., *Yarmouth, Me.*

HOUSE PLANTS.

MR. VICK:—Many, many times I have thought of writing a word for your valuable MAGAZINE, telling you and your readers of my success with flowers. The favorite of all my house plants is my English Ivy. The branches in all measuring eighty-five feet; and the beauty and cheerfulness it gives to our cosy little sitting room is not to be described. It extends from floor to ceiling, then almost around the sides of the room, reframing many of the pictures, and the large green leaves are so pretty over the white paper. Strangers entering the room will begin with "O—h!" The "Oh" growing stronger and stronger until their eyes reach the ends of the many branches. Truly, "A rare old plant is the Ivy green," and I would advise all who have none to obtain one immediately, as nothing will give so much satisfaction. We scarcely know how to do without it when we move it to the north porch for summer quarters, our room looks so lonely, and we gladly welcome it back in autumn.

I wanted so much to take pattern from the window shown in your "Autumn Guide" for the arrangement of my plants for winter; but what shall we do with the "wee sma" house plants, those little fifteen-months-old darlings that are always so "ready and willing" to pluck all the leaves and blossoms in their reach, and then, when we try to look serious, and tell them they "must not," will look up so roguish and begin to "pat-a-cake" to make us laugh? You answer almost everything we ask you, but I don't believe you can answer this. Well, we knew that plan would not do, so my husband made shelves to go across three of the windows, fitted them in closely to the windows, rounded off the corners like mantel shelves, painted them white, and put them up with brackets, so they look neat, and my plants are in a fine condition, and are out of little Robbie's reach. He will point to the bright flowers and say, "Putty, putty," so prettily that we think they do us double duty.

I had a beautiful flower garden during the past summer—not one made up of greenhouse plants, but almost entirely from seed and bulbs obtained from you. The contrast between my own garden and some of my neighbors, that were entirely made of greenhouse plants, was so great that they were thoroughly disgusted with their own. I feel assured that there will be more orders sent for seeds and bulbs, from our little town, next spring, than any here—

tofore. Midst all the pretty little delicate flowers of my garden, Phlox, Verbenas, Mignonette, Sweet Alyssum, Pansies, Candytuft, etc., I do not think that anything afforded me more pleasure than a row of Sweet Peas I had extending between the flower and vegetable gardens. My husband made a wire trellis to support them. This kept them up nicely, making making a complete hedge. But what made me prize them so highly was this: I was sitting by the open door one day when they were in full bloom (they were mostly the pink and white variety, *Painted Lady*), wafting their fragrance all through the air, when two old ladies, who were passing, stopped to admire my garden. They seemed to be gazing intently on my row of Sweet Peas, when I heard one of them suddenly exclaim, "Why, it's our good old-fashioned Sweet Pea!" I speak of this, thinking perhaps some of your readers may see fit to cultivate some "good old-fashioned" flower, and, perchance, send a thrill of joy to the heart of some aged one.

Only one more word, and that is for your MAGAZINE. My husband and I have already found it to be "second nature" to refer to it for everything relating to garden work. Long may it live and prosper.—MRS. L. S. W., *Minerva, O.*

HOW TO HAVE A GOOD SOIL.

MR. VICK:—As good soil is indispensable in the successful growing of plants and flowers, I wish to tell the readers of the MAGAZINE how I keep a good supply on hand, with no cost scarcely. In the fall of 1876, when frost came, I cut down my Cannas, Ricinus, Madeira and Cypress vines—in all a good wagon load. I placed layers of these about six inches thick, alternating with layers of half-rotted chips and dirt from the wood pile. During the following summer this mound was covered with vines and looked quite ornamental. In the fall I stirred it well, turning it over with a fork. The entire mass was well rotted, with the exception of coarser chips and stems. I run it through a coarse sieve, mixing sand with the fine dirt, and using the coarser to mix with my vines, etc., soon to be taken down. I have just gone over my last year's "heap" and find it even better than the first. For just a few hours labor it affords me ten or twelve bushels of dirt that anything will grow in. I plant pot-plants in it, sow seed in it, cover my vegetable seed in the spring with it, and find they germinate much quicker and more evenly than when common soil is used. It is within the reach of most every one, and will abundantly repay all trouble.

A word about my Primulas. Last spring I

purchased a packet of mixed seed—and very few seed there were in the packet. I sowed them in March; thirteen "came up," eight reached the third leaf and grew well. Hot as our summer was I had no trouble with them—they just grew all summer and now I have some of the finest plants I have seen for years. They will soon begin to bloom, and I have "great expectations" in regard to them. At another time I will tell, if agreeable, what I know about blooming roses in winter. I have always had very fair success and have my "ideas" on that subject.—D. S., *Sherman, Texas.*

STEAM GARDENING.

There are several steam and hot-water gardens in sight of where I sit writing, also several hot-air gardens. The steam garden is heated by steam in the same way that houses are warmed by it—i. e., a boiler for generating the steam and pipes for distributing the heat. The same general plan is followed in warming gardens with hot air—a furnace, and heated air conveyed through large sewer pipes to the extremes of the enclosure. It costs less money to get the "hot air" gardens established, but they are not as efficient or satisfactory as the steam.

It is hardly necessary to state that the gardens are roofed in, or housed. The hot-water garden requires a boiler, an upright tubular, with large pipe running from the boiler to the farthest extremity of the garden and returning the water again to the boiler. It goes out near the top of the boiler, hot, and returns into it near the bottom, to be again heated. The circulation is sufficiently active to maintain a high temperature in the coldest weather at a moderate expense for fuel. The cost of heating a garden of 20 x 100 feet is less than the bother of hot beds for the same work; from two to three crops are produced between November and April. Lettuce, Radishes, Cucumbers, flowers and seedlings, or bedding-out plants, are here grown or started very successfully, and the products of early spring and summer are in our market all winter, grown at our own doors. The possibilities in this direction are only measured by the cost of fuel and labor. The success of the first gardens established, two years ago, has produced several imitators.—W. H. G., *Rogers' Park, Ill.*

FLOWERING OF CALADIUM.—MRS. BALLARD, of Logansport, Ind., grew a very fine Caladium the past summer that produced five flowers. The largest leaf measured fifty-four inches in length and thirty-six in breadth. It was kept growing in the house last winter.

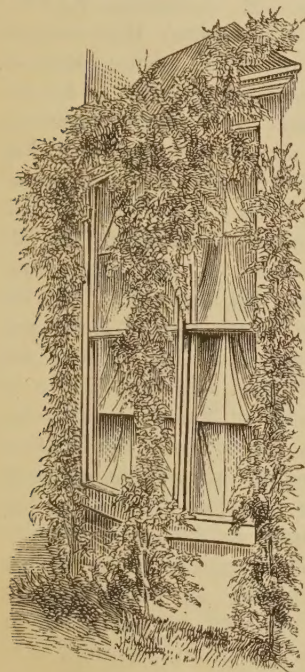


FOREIGN NOTES.

THE CANARY FLOWER.

MR. VICK:—*Sir*:—While in the north of England, last fall, we paid a visit to Alnwick Castle, the seat of the Duke of Northumberland and the ancient home of the Percy family. The town is a quaint old place, and for an English town there was a very liberal display of flower gardens in front of the better class of houses, while many of the occupants of such houses as had not the privilege of a front door yard, rented a small patch of ground on the

outskirts of the town, where with their families they enjoyed their leisure time in the pleasures of floriculture and of kitchen gardening. This I find to be a favorite occupation of the working classes, and I could not but notice how the human heart reaches out after the beautiful, and yearns for the solace and comfort—for the innocent enjoyment to be gathered in the society of God's simple gifts—the flowers.



CANARY VINE.

The first thing that struck me on entering the town, was a bay window, most charmingly draped with beautiful light-green climbers, and literally covered with bright lemon yellow flowers. Now, this appeared so strange to me, (for the chilly night air had already affected the Geraniums and other tender out-door plants,) that I had to cross the street, take the Yankee liberty to open the gate, go inside and examine this thrifty beauty. I confess I was not only

surprised but greatly interested to find it was *only* the Canary flower, *Tropæolum peregrinum*, a member of the Nasturtium family, and I concluded at once that there should be one cottage in America, next summer, worth coming miles to see on account of its climbing plants of light-green foliage and rich yellow masses of Canary bird flower. This beautiful plant is an annual, and in some of the seed farms near London whole acres of it are raised for seed, and, being a climber, the plants are trained on long trellises, and in the blooming season the display is simply gorgeous.

If this fine plant is as hardy in America as it is here in England, I hope you will not fail to



CANARY FLOWERS.

make your customers aware of it, for I feel assured it will be a pleasant surprise to those who have never grown it.—WALTON.

The Canary Flower, being an annual, and therefore growing only in the summer time, is not affected by our winters, and can be grown with ease. The *Tropæolums*, however, do not grow so luxuriantly here as in England. Our warm, dry summers are not so favorable. On the cool side of a porch or summer-house the Canary Flower is charming. In England the scarlet and dwarf *Tropæolums* are depended upon mainly for heavy masses of bright color, as we rely almost entirely upon the Phlox.

DECORATING A BRIDGE.

MR. VICK:—My last I wrote you from Southampton, where I left the steamer; and since then I have been wandering about the country, seeing a good deal and learning a little, but not much, perhaps, to interest your readers. Some days since, learning that the Lord Mayor was to proceed from Guildhall to Westminster in a grand procession, and that London Bridge, over which the procession passed, was to be decorated for the occasion, and as every out-door decoration in this country, I think, means flowers, I was bound to see how a large bridge could be appropriately decorated; and I was well repaid for the trouble.

On approaching, I beheld first an arch more than twenty-five feet in height, bold and graceful, entirely covered with Evergreens arranged with great patience and taste; and from this was suspended baskets of flowers—not poor, shabby baskets, but as fresh and beautiful as though they had just left the conservatory. There were two of these arches, one at each end of the bridge. On each side of the roadway were placed large Evergreens, forming an avenue through which the procession passed. I could not ascertain whether these specimens were in tubs, because this fact was entirely concealed, as at the base of each was a perfect mass of Chrysanthemums in flower, certainly thirty or more around each conifer. In this simple way was the great London Bridge decorated in honor of the Lord Mayor of London, and as we often make some very lame attempts at decorations, I thought I would let your readers know how this was done.

Next week I understand there is to be a meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society at South Kensington, and a fine show of flowers and vegetables is expected. I think I shall be there to see what there is to see.—OBSERVER.

A NEW TOMATO.

The *Excelsior* Tomato, which we sent to England some years ago, has been the parent of several new sorts, none of which have proved of any value here thus far. The *Grape Tomato* described below by a correspondent of the *Gardeners' Chronicle* will not be an exception, we think, for small kinds are not popular in our markets.

“Mr. DAVIDSON, gardener to Mrs. MARSON, of Highfield Park, Winchfield, has succeeded in effecting a most valuable cross between Tomato Hathaway's *Excelsior* and Tomato Red Currant, which for productiveness rivals any I have ever seen, and for beauty it cannot be matched. The fruit is borne in bunches—Grape form—which average nine inches in

length, with from sixteen to eighteen fruit on a bunch, the berries ranging from one to two inches in diameter, and of a bright red color. It also appears to be of most robust constitution, for whilst its seed parent, *Excelsior*, is growing on a west wall, and under precisely the same conditions, succumbed to the Tomato disease a month ago, it is still (November 9th,) in full fruit with foliage as green as ever. The Red Currant Tomato is also still in full fruit, and has escaped the disease; thus showing that the new seedling inherits its robust constitution from Red Currant, and the size of berries and flavour from *Excelsior*. Mr. DAVIDSON has several other good hybrids from the same parents, one very similar to that just described, only that the bunches do not average more than six inches in length, and another with bunches slightly longer but with smaller berries; and although these are both good, the first described is so much superior that he has determined to retain that only. He has appropriately given to it the name of “Grape” Tomato.”

PLANT VAGARIES.—M. ALPHONSE LAVALLEE, Secretary of the Central Horticultural Society of France, in a recent lecture states:—1. That the *Liquidambar styraciflua* in his arboretum, when planted as a single specimen, never exceeds the dimensions of a bush, but that when several of them are planted close together, so that in fact they almost crowd one another, they will all of them attain the dimensions of a small tree. 2. That shrubs and underwood generally will thrive and flourish when planted under Beech trees, but will not even live when planted under the shade of the Walnut. 3. That Nettles will only thrive in the immediate vicinity of human habitations, and that when these are removed the Nettles, which used to abound, almost immediately afterwards disappear also from the locality, but that, on the other hand, no member of the Orchis family seems able to exist in the immediate vicinity of man's abode, as particularly in Switzerland, when peasants' cottages are built on spots where these plants are plentiful, they all disappear and cease to grow.—*The Garden*.

THE WEATHER.—It is always in order to scold about the weather, and whatever people in California and other places where it seems to be entirely regulated by the season and altitude, find to talk about we can hardly imagine. Our English papers describe a snow storm in Yorkshire that commenced on the 11th of November, and lasted nearly twenty-four hours, leaving fifteen inches of snow on the level. No snow and but little frost here up to Dec. 4th.



1



5



2



3



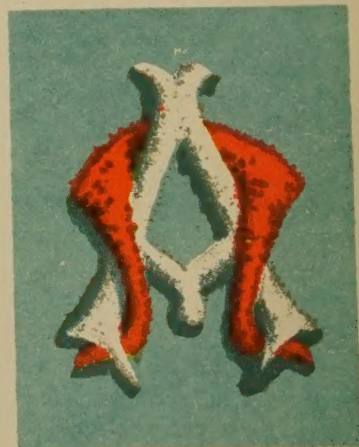
6



7



3



4

VICKS' MAGAZINE 1879.

FLORAL DECORATIONS.